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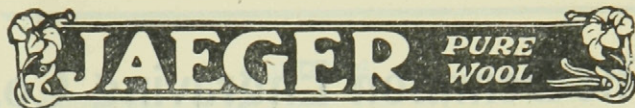


A small parishioner in Aberdeen brought a basket of strawberries to the minister very early on Monday morning.

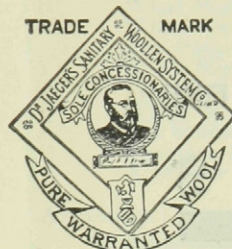
"Thank you, my little girl," he said, "they are very beautiful. But I hope you didn't gather them yesterday, which was the Sabbath day?"

"No, sir," replied the child; "I picked them this morning. But they was growing all yesterday."

—Tid-Bits.



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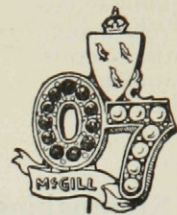
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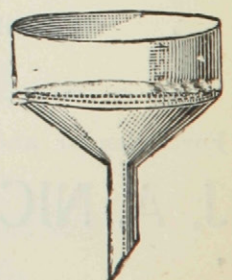
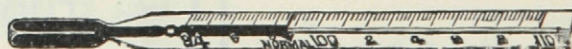
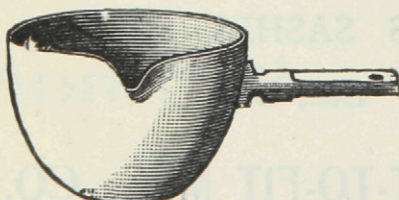
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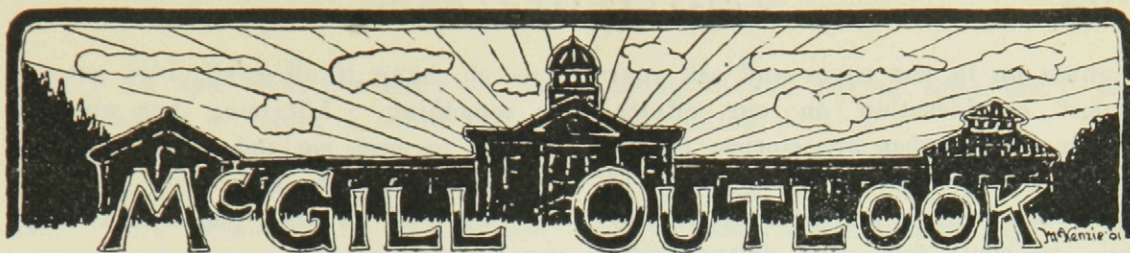


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Editorial

With this number ends the fall term, and we hasten to welcome the coming year. Christmas has ever been an excuse for festivity and general jollity, on every hand is seen festoons of evergreen and holly, and over all the dreaded mistletoe. We, too, have endeavored to

brighten up in our pages and ask your kindest consideration on our efforts. Within this number are stories, poems, news, and other items of interest. If they please you, we are satisfied; if they fail, we shall feel very disappointed. However, we will burden you no longer with such appeals, but wish everyone of our subscribers—nay, more, every student of Old McGill,—the merriest of merry Xmas, and the happiest of happy New Years.

We cannot let this opportunity slip of bringing to your notice several important facts. First, after the holidays we are going to publish several real good articles, not the long drawn out kind about the origin of the Sphinx and like subjects, but ones which will interest everyone, be he in any of the four faculties. Further, subscriptions after Xmas will be at reduced rates for the remaining half year. And, lastly, if anyone cares to take home some extra copies of this number, they may procure them from the various janitors, or from our office in Stratheona Hall.



What Might Happen to Unknown Telephoners.

(A Modern Magazine Story.)

For a handsome young man of 24, earning \$2,500 entirely on his own merits, Jack Fleming was not by any means the happiest of mortals.

Every now and again he would look up at the office clock in a worried sort of way.

Jack had rushed Kathleen Warton for two years, and now that he felt in a position to ask her to marry him, he did not feel quite sure of himself; he did not doubt that he loved her, but was his love so enduring as to allow them to pass their lives together? "It isn't as if there was someone else," he would mutter, "then I'd have more chance; I like Kath better than any other girl,

but—oh, hang it all—well, I've got to do something. I'll ring her up and get her to meet me and she'll make up her mind this very day."

Going over to the 'phone and ringing:—

"What Number?"

"South 3131, central."

"North 3131?"

"Yes, please," absent-mindedly.

"Hello!"

"Can I speak to Miss Kathleen?"

"One moment please."

A minute later, "Hello!"

"Hello, is that you Kathleen?"

"Yes! who's that?"

"It's Jack!"

"O, hello Jack, I didn't recognize your voice."

"Just what I was going to say about you—but look here Kath, will you meet me at the corner of Fern and Main at 5 15 and we'll have some tea together?"

"All right, I will."

"I'll put away my good work and get up. Will be there on time, eh?"

"Surely; good bye."

"Au revoir."

It did not take him long to pack away a few unbalanced ledgers ("those will do till morning"), and being the last one to leave, locked up and walked quickly up Main Ave. to Fern St.

"Two minutes to spare yet," he said, looking in at the clock of the corner drug store. He admired casually the passers-by, intent upon their Christmas shopping; there was an air of cheerfulness to the whole scene that made him throw back his shoulders and draw in deep breaths of the pure, frosty air.

"I guess I'll walk over to the other corner," he remarked; as he crossed Fern St. he looked up and saw a beautiful tall girl, with dazzling brown hair and laughing brown eyes, and tinted cheeks, glowing with vigor.

He turned around unconsciously to watch the graceful manner of her walk, and saw her go to the store window, and

shading her eyes with her hand on the pane, look in. "Now, I could love a girl like that," thought Jack, as he saw her glance first up and then down Main Ave. "She seems to be waiting for someone too," he added. "I'll go across and admire her nearer." As he started across, the girl evidently thought the same thing, for he met her half way, and looking up suddenly, caught her eyes looking at him.

They were now on opposite corners again, and Jack, looking in the window, saw it was 24 minutes past.

"I wonder where Kath is?" he muttered. He spent another five minutes pacing up and down, and looking once more saw the tall girl come across, and, passing him, look in the window. "She's evidently giving him up. Fool of a man not to come," he muttered as he saw her get ready to cross the busy Main Ave.

As he watched her go around behind a car going west, he suddenly gave a cry as he saw an east bound car strike and carry her some twenty yards or so on the fender.

Before he knew it, he was bending over her saying, "Are you much hurt?"

"Not at all, just a shock," she said, smiling at him as he held her, now standing.

"I'll call a cab and drive you home, if I may," he said.

"Thank you, if you will," simply.

Fleming put her in a cab, and jumping in, heard her say, "623 Melbourne St."

"How do you feel now?" he said to her, having nothing else to say in contemplation of her beauty.

It seemed but an instant before they stopped, and he helping her out said, "I hope you will be none the worse," and was about to add, "I hope I may see you again," but she was too quick.

"You needn't think you can escape me like this, I simply insist on your

coming in and having some tea," she said smiling.

"Thank you, but I must really go," he answered.

"I insist on your coming in," she repeated, "you haven't got the slightest excuse."

"To refuse would be folly now," he laughed, and paying the driver, followed her in.

Melbourne is the most fashionable street, and this house had just been built; he did not know who lived in it.

She made him take off his coat in the hall and follow her into a delightfully cozy room, where a little fire burnt lazily.

"I think perhaps I had better introduce myself," he exclaimed, leaning on the mantelpiece and gazing at the glowing coals.

"My name is Jack Fleming."

"Isn't that funny," she exclaimed.

"I suppose you divined I was waiting for some one, his name was Jack too."

"I'm sorry I can't reprove you for such behavior," laughed Jack, "as I was waiting for someone too, but probably there won't be anything strange, she was Kathleen."

"Well, of all the strange coincidences," she burst out, "my name is Kathleen too, Kathleen Thurston."

"Anyway, I'm very fortunate to come out so well," after talking it over. "You see I rang up the girl, as I intended to decide whether I would marry her."

"What time did you ring up?" she asked him suddenly.

"Ten minutes to five," answered Jack; then light suddenly came to him. "Is your telephone number anything 3131?"

That accounts for it. "Well, Miss Thurston," he said, gazing at her, "Fate seems to have played a strong lone hand," putting his hand over hers, "don't you think we could assist her?"

"Perhaps we could," she faltered, evidently taking a great interest in the pattern of the carpet.

(If you admit its plausibility, its possibilities are unlimited.)

C. H. S.

★ ★ ★

"What Was It."

"It was the night before Christmas.

All over the house,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,"

and four girls were sitting in various attitudes of comfort around a dying grate fire, gazing silently into the hot depths, and in four pairs of eyes were dreamy speculations as to what would come on the morrow.

"Ugh!" shuddered Betty Macdonald, as she roused herself from pessimistic dreams, "This is too eerie for any use. Grace, if you can't do better than this to entertain me I shall seek my 'downy couch' forthwith."

"Gracie," she said, "you promised to was time they were all in bed anyway, and that she wanted to see no one of them before broad daylight, and breakfast would be at nine. The other girls joined in the teasing and laughing remarks, and in a few minutes they would all have been upstairs had not Betty suddenly remembered something, and turned very quickly back to her chair.

"Grace," she said, "you promised to tell us the story of this house the very first time we came here. Now, here we are, and there you are, so tell us."

"But, Betty, it is late, you are all tired, and the story is a little long. Besides it isn't a very gay story, and you girls might dream of it or something and spoil your first visit here—the very first night of it too. I'll tell it to-morrow."

"In daylight," scoffed Betty. "As though we wanted to hear about haunted homes at any other than the regulation hour. Marjorie, Ethel, you both want

it to-night? Of course," as they agreed. "Now, Grace, you may as well stop trying to be modest and tell it. I know you are just bursting with pride over your ghosts and spirit-tappings, and all the other mysteries."

The other two girls joined in the request, and after much persuasion Grace yielded. They all settled cozily into their chairs, and with mock solemnity Betty began, "Once upon a time——."

Grace shook her head. "I have told you already, I think, that we did not build this house. It was built by a very wealthy woman, who gave her whole attention to its construction. You can see for yourselves that the interior is finished very beautifully. The very harmony which exists in all its details shows the utmost nicety of thought and studied arrangement. She was a nightmare to her architect, no doubt, but we have benefitted by her exquisite taste and determination to have her house perfect. We have been told that no one without home hunger in his or her heart, can understand her joy in possession, and her grief when she found she must die and leave it. The library and the dining-room were the two rooms she most cherished, and it was pitiful to see her, who had so wanted a home, and at last had obtained it, look about those two rooms and murmur that strangers would have it. Her hands lingered lovingly on door and shelf, on walls and wood-work, as she made her pilgrimage daily as long as she was able. She was right. Strangers did get it, for her heirs would not live here, and when we came to the city to live, it came into mother's possession.

"I have heard mother say, that from the beginning there was something strange about the house, and that there were people who would not live in it. But we were a healthy, happy, boisterous crew, and there was little opportunity for mysteries, as we kept the house lively when we were awake, and when

we slept we didn't care. Often we found doors open when we knew we had shut them, and yet there were enough of us careless and happy-go-lucky to do all the things that grown-ups would have regarded as queer. However, when the boys went away to college and out into the world, and we girls were growing up, we noticed things a little more. Very frequently when studying a little late at night, we would notice those doors'' (indicating the one leading from the hall, and the other into the dining-room) ''would open, sometimes gently sometimes quickly and abruptly, and the rustle of skirts was heard very distinctly. Mother is not an imaginative woman, and she has heard it often. But we were not nervous or superstitious and paid little or no attention to such happenings. On Christmas Eve, however, five or six years ago, I was sitting here by the fire, too lazy to move. All the family had gone up-stairs, just as they have to-night, and the house was very quiet. I was just dreamily watching the coals when I heard the soft subdued rustle of a gown—that is the best description I can give of the sound—and I called out, 'Are you coming to order me to bed, mother?' There was no answer but the soft frou-frou, and I turned slightly to see who it was. The hall door had swung open (it was shut just as it is now), and the rustle of that gown came up to the fire-place. I was a little taken aback, but I noticed the pause and movement as though some action was taking place ('hanging up her stocking' whispered Betty, and the

girls laughed a little), and then the rustle went towards the library. I did not see anyone or anything, but I had the strangest feeling of sympathy for some one in distress. It was so strong that I imagined there were sobs and murmurs of grief-laden speech, and I was sure a hand swept over the bookshelves. Insensibly the feeling of grief grew deeper, and my heart was heavy with an apprehensive dread, when I was electrified to feel that someone had given me thanks for my sympathy. Then I heard the rustling murmur of her skirts, and springing up, as wide-awake as I am now, I saw the door into the dining-room open, and slowly the rustling died away as an invisible breath of cool air passed through the room—and I was alone."

There was a little silence, and Marjorie asked, "Did you ever see it again?"

"I never saw anything at any time, nor can we find a satisfactory explanation for it, but now we have become so accustomed to it that we do not notice anything as we used."

There was again a little silence, and Grace was just opening her lips to beg them not to think of it, for it was an old story in the house, when Betty exclaimed in an awed whisper, "Look!" They looked in the direction of her outstretched hand, saw the hall door open, heard the soft frou-frou of silken skirts, then the dining-room door opened, and the rustle died away, borne along by the cooler air passing through the room.

H. R.

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Scene—Zoological Lab. In the foreground a Royal Victorian, an electric globe lighting up her delicate, flushed face, is engaged in dissecting a dog-fish. In the background a pollywog, through the glass of a gold-fish home watches her with bright, tender eyes.

Pollywog:

I've watched and worshipped from afar,

And in my narrow, weedy cell
I've learned to know what visions are,
And learned to like them—mighty well.

But all these visions faded fast,
Though briefly they enraptured me;
My idols changed—until at last—
At last! my Queen! I gazed on thee!

And as thou looking through the glass
With brows contracted seemed to think,
I scarcely felt the moments pass,
And blushed a dull-maroonish pink.

Then as our friendship closer grew
I didn't need a Kelly's key
To know that I was struck on you—
To hope that you were struck on me.

Like a volcano-lava-flecked,
One day thy words came to my ear,
"I guess the next thing I'll dissect
Is this pollywog we're keeping here."

Oh, woman of a fabled past,
Striving all suffering to allay,
Has education made you cast
Compassion back to yesterday?

With my heart's blood would you imbue?
Ah! no, it can't—it cannot be,
That while in thought I worshipped you,
In fancy you dissected me.

Pollywog swims slowly around home,
pressing his burning brow against the

cooling glass, then turns, casts a long adoring glance at the unconscious co-ed, and with drooping head sinks slowly to the bottom.

Pollywog:

My mood has changed, I know that I
To save you e'en the slightest pain
With calmest mien would gladly die,
Then resurrect and die again.

So thus I now propose to you,
Though from my love you scornful flee,
Take this poor life, and with it brew
A Laboratory Fricassee.

For though I may asunder part,
And though it give me inward pain,
I know we'll still be joined in heart,
And fondly hope we'll meet again.

★ ★ ★

At the Sign of the Three Martlets**DISPERSED MEDITATIONS ON THINGS.**

The Alumni Editor is a friend of ours, so that when we drop around to his room we are quite at home. Recently we did so, and after being elected to the best chair in the room, we carelessly glanced at some of his papers scattered around the furniture, and were much astonished to find what appeared to be notes for a sermon. He, however, hastened to tell us that he had intended writing a series of short sermons to students, the same to appear in the "Outlook," but gave up the idea for fear that certain of the would-be unregenerate would make their perusal an excuse for staying away from divine service, or the Sunday afternoon Y. M. C. A. meeting. Having no such fear ourselves, we abstracted certain notes on "Hope," and without asking his consent give them here.

* * *

Be cheerful and optimistic in all things, even if it hurts yourself—and others. Three obstacles will stand as tests—girls, examinations, and boarding-houses. But cheer up! When a girl

tells you that she would rather you didn't see her home from the rink because she doesn't want you to miss your supper, or her father pleasantly remarks that early retiring hours are good for brain workers, think that it is not of everyone's health they are so careful. I hear many complaints about Christmas examinations, the fear being chiefly of those which are final. Why worry? They may not be final for you. Never bother about crossing bridges until you meet them, for perchance you may catch your foot in the sidewalk and break your leg before reaching them. I remember once a man who was much troubled over an examination in calculus. It was quite unnecessary. Two days before it was due he took "ascendecitis" and departed to the Happing Hunting Grounds. In your boarding-house radiate optimism. When asking for the milk, always say, "Please pass me the cream," and when there are doughnuts on the table, do not look at them with the eye of the pessimist who sees only the hole in them. Let me tell you the story of a really optimistic man. He was a window-cleaner in a large office building in the neighboring Republic. One day he fell from the 17th story, and as he dropped by the ninth the janitor, who was a pessimist, cried out, "Looks pretty bad for you, Bill." But the optimist only replied, "Well, I don't know, it's all right so far."

* * *

We think ourselves that the Alumni Editor is getting old. Preaching sermons is a much surer sign than is brushing one's hair with a towel. The fact that a man no longer feels the sadness of the thought that "a hair in the head is worth two in the brush," does not

imply that he is no longer young. It is when he grudges youth to others that he is really getting old. After the toil of a recent day, we had wandered solitarily up towards the mountain, which has always seemed so friendly and sympathetic in our troubles. We were already on Pine avenue, and had just stepped behind a telegraph-pole to light our pipe of Rose Quesnel (it being near the end of the month), when we heard a sound. It was not that jarring, slushy sound of a horse drawing his foot out of the mire, occasionally heard, but a mighty cheerful laugh accompanying the remark that "He" didn't seem to realize the impossibility of being on both sides of "Her" at once. Of course, I made the wild surmise that he must be trying to circumnavigate the earth, or what appeared to him the equivalent. Then I heard him reply that men were to be applauded as heroes for trying to do the impossible. Then another laugh and "She" replied, "O, but it's such a waste—" I made an effort to get away unseen and brought my head with such a bang against the pole that I awoke to find myself sitting before the fire, a volume in my hand inscribed:—Wordsworth. The Prelude, B.R.I. It was the third time of reading and sleeping over that poem.

* * *

But even though we now love to lie by the fire like old dogs, we were quite gay young dogs once, indeed, we believe "pups" was the word applied to us by an irritated professor who had incurred the displeasure of our class, which displeasure took the form of advertising him as an employment agent. Perhaps if you were to look in our room even now, you might find cherished signs of days

Savoy Hotel Barber Shop
DORE BROS.

that are dead—signs enjoining silence in the library, or even one from St. Helen's Island, reading: "It is forbidden to seat or lay on the grass."

* * *

The best sign story we know comes from Yale, from the Yale of the early forties, when the students residing in dormitories were under the supervision of tutors, generally graduates of theology. Rules were very strict, and sign stealing a serious offence; but that did not prevent two room-mates from gathering in a nice sign one evening as they walked down the main street of New Haven. Their particular tutor happened to see them, and suspecting something, at once gave chase, but being short winded, by the time he reached their door it was already locked, and from behind it came nothing except a very audible reading of the Holy Word. In the meanwhile the sign was being rapidly burned to ashes in their open fire-place. As soon as all evidence had disappeared, and with the beautiful irony of fate, just as they opened the door to the tutor, the student reading aloud came to the words:—"Behold, a wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but there shall be no sign given save the sign of the Prophet Jonah!"

* * *

We remember the joy of a body of medical students visiting Montreal some years ago, when they perceived on a down-town building a nice brass plate, engraved:—

D. TEES,

Undertaking Establishment.

They took it with them.

* * *

At McGill our recollections are rather of bright retorts and nerve displayed in explanations than in acts. In conclusion, we would like to lay our tribute at the feet of one man. We will call him W. Pious (because he wasn't). He it was,

who after having had to pay for the new top of a desk on which he had carved his name, neatly cut on the new top the inscription:—"Presented to the University by J. Pious, Esq."

MEANDERING MIKE.

♦ ♦ ♦

To a Girl

I wonder if you remember, Kathleen,
Those summer days of the long ago,
When you and I were just careless
children

Of eight years old, or so;—
And how I would call across the garden,
From under the great old maple tree:
"Kathleen! Kathleen! I am dreadful
lonely,
Come and play house with me."

I wonder if you remember, Kathleen,
The make-believes of that good old
day,
When we wished, and had, and enjoyed
such riches
As only childhood may,
For we knew the secrets of all the magic
That makes the impossible to be,—
When across the green of the dear old
garden
You came to play house with me.

You have grown so stately and tall since
then, dear,
And learned so much of the pride of
life,
That perhaps you've forgotten that game
of childhood
When we played you were my wife;
Yet I wonder if you would listen,
Kathleen,
And turn pretence to reality,
Should I call to-day: "I am dreadful
lonely,
Please, come and play house with me."

M. B. DAVIDSON.

Wives of the Saints

Large, juicy snowflakes were making the landscape look like a glorified Christmas card, the scent of roast turkey was lingering beatifically on the breeze, and sleigh-bells sounded a gleeful obligato to those scrambling home from the last debauch of Xmas shopping. A melodious toot of the horn, a generous whiff of aromatic gasoline, and the most progressive of saints whizzed by in the largest and roomiest of touring-cars. No reindeer for him in these exciting days when every school boy knows, or thinks he knows, how to reverse the engine and read the water-gauge.

Santa Claus gave a sigh of relief as he put on the brakes to avoid running down a careless pedestrian. The yearly spasm was all but over. There remained only a few parcels in the tonneau, so Santa thought it well to slow down and inspect the crowd who were jostling each other on the slippery sidewalks, dropping bundles, and trying their own and everybody else's tempers in every conceivable manner. The old Saint looked at them with a kindly smile, rather wondering why they didn't stay calmly at home and let him attend to things himself. What was the earthly use of women hurrying madly about with distended shopping-bags, buying all sorts of inappropriate presents for poor unfortunate men, when here was a specialist ready to convey the proper gift to the proper person? Hereupon, Santa Claus brought his machine to a standstill in front of a Frat. house, grabbed three packages from under the seat, climbed gracefully to the chimney, dropped down, and deposited his packages in three bedrooms. How was he to know that he had inadvertently sad-

dled a Freshman with a shaving-glass, a Junior with a pair of jewelled side-combs, and a Senior with a pale blue kimono? Blissfully unconscious of these slight mishaps, he got into the machine and smiled again in a slightly superior way as he saw a woman empty the loose change out of her purse into the hands of a newsboy, who had just wrung her tender heart with a tale of distress, no less affecting because it had been manufactured on the spot. How these women did bungle things, to be sure!

And then Santa pulled out the lever to full speed and whizzed joyously home. It was late, and he had had an unusually busy day. He tumbled into bed with almost human alacrity, and it was only five minutes later, when he was snoring peacefully, that Mrs. Santa Claus stole gently in to fill his capacious stocking.

R. F. M.



The Student's Dream

(With Apologies to Campbell.)

I closed up my books, for the clock had struck three,

And a million vile demons danced jigs in my head,

The room swam around till I scarcely could see,

Exams were approaching—I wished to be dead.

I drew back the curtains and turned out the gas,

Then staggered to bed for much-needed sleep,

Which came in a second or two, but alas!

My dreams were as wild as my slumbers were deep.

**THE SOVEREIGN
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Methought from the lecture-room's
dreadful array

Far, far I had roamed o'er the C.
P. R. track.

'Twas Christmas, and snow drifts arose
on the way

To the home of my father that wel-
comed me back.

I flew to the dining-room, sat in so oft
In life's morning march, when my
stomach was tough.

E'en now it was nearly an hour 'ere I
coughed,

And told my dear ma I'd at last had
enough.

Then pledged we the milk-glass, and
fondly I swore

From my home and my weeping
friends never to part.

My governor tipped me a fiver, or more,
And my fair cousin sighed in her
fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay!" they all cried, "now
you're back at the farm"

And fain the exam-broken student
would stay—

But crash! I awoke. (Did I curse the
alarm?)

And the Xmas Xams are a week from
to-day!

GUILLAUME CHEVALIER.

♦ ♦ ♦

Lovelorn Literary Lights

Of all the emotions to which we poor
mortals are subject, love is at once the
most desirable and the most tormenting.
It afflicts rich and poor alike, and
comes in all varieties, from the soul-
devouring (!!) flame of the poet to the
patient dog-like devotion of the species
known as "lamp-post," from the calf-
love of the freshman to the more moder-
ate attentions of the senior. It is a
curious fact that though this affliction

is of such wide range, and though we
take such an interest in the lives of the
great men of our literature, yet no one
has hitherto paid any attention to their
love affairs.

Among the most interesting of such
characters is Lord Bacon, one of the
most famous literary lights of Eliza-
beth's reign. During the Second Parlia-
ment of King James' reign, he wooed
and won Alice Barnham, the daughter
of a wealthy alderman. We can easily
imagine the idyllic life which would
ensue, with no bad sidewalks nor muddy
streets to worry him—he had imported
aldermanic influence into the family, and
could, therefore, get anything he wanted,
from a reduction of taxes to a divorce
license. Although practically nothing is
known of their married life, much may
be inferred from his essays, of which
the following are extracts:—"It is well
said that it is impossible to love and
be wise." Again, "He that hath wife
and children, hath given hostages to
fortune; for they are impediments to
great enterprises, either of virtue or
mischief."

It was clearly love at sight, in his
case at least. He saw her for the first
time while walking in Hyde Park. A
horse had put its foot into a hole in the
road, hurting itself badly. Clasp-
ing the head of the sufferer in her slender arms,
Miss Barnham murmured indignantly,
"Never mind, you poor dear, I shall tell
papa, and he will have that horrid hole
mended!" A pretty girl with a heart
was too rare not to be appreciated, and
Bacon did not believe in procrastination.
Enfolding girl and horse in his capa-
cious embrace, he exclaimed ecstatically,
"Oh, please get him to mend the hole
in my heart too!" Shyly the blushing
maiden whispered, "Macadam or
cement?" "Cement, by all means!"
he replied, and thus the bond was
sealed.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

A Winter Night

All things are hushed yet full of
softened sound,
The quiet wood in placid slumber
seems;
A gentle murmur rustling all around
As breathes an infant in its peaceful
dreams.

With fairy lustre everything is bright,
All silvered by the moonlight's magic
beams.
From the dull snow shine points of
steely light,
And myriad, twinkling, rainbow-
coloured gleams.

A dark, contrasting, stranger in the
range
Of white, enchanted, radiance serene,
Amid the ice-sheathed bushes shimmering
strange
There glooms the sad and sombre
evergreen.

Above are arches of a lofty fane,
Pillared by trees of awful majesty;
Their marble clouds, with many a
glistening vein
Of mingling boughs in wondrous
tracery.

The dark-grey, drifting clouds obscure
the sky,
But through a long white avenue the
glow
Of the cold moon pours softly from on
high
In holy purity on all below.

Coming Home

With patience tranquil the traveller
beareth
Vexatious delays, and little he careth
If swift or slow he onward fareth
As he setteth out to roam.
But he greeteth with heart-felt execration
Each unexpected deviation,
As slowly, ah, slowly, from station to
station
He draweth nearer home.

♦ ♦ ♦

All Doing the Same

Little Willy was matchin' cents and
Willy's father was much in-censed.
She—He's quite a star as an after-din-
ner speaker, isn't he?

He—Star! He's a regular moon. He
becomes brighter the fuller he gets.—
Pharos.

♦ ♦ ♦

An Eye-Opener

Smyth met his old friend Brown in the
street the other night. "Hulloa, old fel-
low," he exclaimed. "How are you get-
ting on?" "Pretty well, thank you," an-
swered Brown; "but," he continued, "I've
something to say to you—you'll have to
keep your eyes open next week." "How's
that?" queried Smyth. "Because you
won't be able to see if you don't;" and
before Smyth could kick Brown he was
out of sight.—Birmingham Weekly Post.

Did '07 ever hear of the Toronto man
who after death was shown over his
new home? He remarked: "Well, I don't
see that Heaven is so much better than
Toronto after all." "Oh!" said the guide
"This isn't Heaven."—Soph.

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Athletics



Ruminations

The first half of the season of 1905-6 is nearing its end, and the college athlete who did valorously before a stand full of people at a track event, or coolly faced a line of leathery antagonists on the football field, finds himself confronted with a much more fearful species of opponent in a few mild-mannered little men he calls the Faculty. No applause awaits his performance at the Christmas exams; he wishes the marker could know of the days of strain and the nights of languor, that his win at the Intercollegiate meet, or his place on the fourteen cost him, all for the honor of Old McGill.

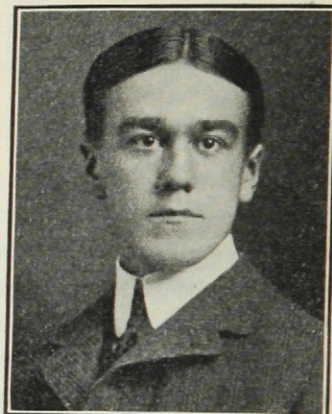
The fall term at college, we imagine, is the one the graduate's memory lingers most fondly over when years after he muses, as it is supposed he does, on his careless university days. He thinks of the tenseness of a short distance race at the Track Meet, or the momentary anguish when his class favorite comes heart-breakingly near dropping the bar in a tight vaulting competition. He remembers the howls and counter-howls on inter-class day, and it makes him smile vaingloriously to remember—as any real old boy will—that it was by a special dispensation of what as an undergraduate he called luck, that he belonged to a year which, in both first and second years howled the others to a whisper.

It really is good to be alive on a college field day in Montreal, and McGill men know it. After all is said and done, when committees have finished kicking, as committees will, the men of the University are loyal supporters. The season has been one of success

financially, and that after all, sentiment aside, is the test. The grounds' ticket as a pass to football matches is little used, and this little fact in itself means a great deal when one speaks of enthusiasm among a class of men to whom the price of admission is not a negligible quantity.

Success in athletics has not, of course,

People we Know



G. E. MCCUAIG,
Captain of the Track Club, 1905.

been universal. The football team could not avail against the Canadian champions, but that is not discredit. It played manfully and cleanly, as becomes a team of good sports such as the team is. It learned a few expensive lessons, and there will be cause for wonder if next year's team does not have business sense to use its assets thus acquired in a way that will regain its damaged prestige.

All honor to the track team, which, notwithstanding its losses in good men, piled up a score against its rivals that

no one expected. Track athletics at McGill are at present enjoying a boom that the first two years must sustain. The Sophomore year, through the merit of Donohoe, one of the most versatile and modest McGill has ever seen, will do its share, and it should be the self-imposed task of the Freshmen to replace retiring '06, whose loss will remove the University's "strong men."

Hockey now holds the boards, and it devolves upon McGill all years to boost energetically for what is going to be one of the finest teams the Alma Mater ever produced, a team which will undoubtedly make a spectacular finish for the trophy in the library.



Hockey and Skating Club

As the hockey and skating season is now upon us, it may interest some of the readers of the "Outlook" to know a few facts concerning the organization that controls these pastimes.

The McGill Hockey and Skating Club has for its object the improvement and perpetuation of hockey, and also the promotion of skating. Its officers consist of an Honorary President, President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and its executive has beside the above officers a member from each class in the University.

The executive deliberates and decides upon all the business submitted to them, and generally manages the affairs of the club. This year it has been decided to have only one rink, and so the sheet of ice has been enlarged and will be kept in first-class order as long as the

weather permits. McGill is to have three hockey teams this year, the senior team, which is entered in the Intercollegiate League; the intermediate team, which is entered in the Intermediate Series of the C. A. H. L.; and a junior team, which will be placed in the Junior Series of the C. A. H. L.

Beside the above there will be teams representing the four years; each class will also place a seven on the ice, so every stick-handler in the University should have a chance to shine. The club needs stronger support from the student body than it had last year, if it is to be a financial success. Last year the rinks did not receive the patronage that the students might have given them, and though McGill had winning hockey teams in both leagues, the gate receipts were very slim and did not begin to cover expenses.

This year better support is expected from the students, and the executive is doing all in its power to make the rink and hockey teams the equal of any in the city.

The first regular practice was held in the Victoria rink on Monday night, with a fair turnout. The ice was in tolerably good condition and the boys highly enthusiastic.

The bunch on the ice showed some new and likely members, and it is not improbable that McGill will be represented this year by a selection from the night's turnout. Gill, late of the R. M. C., who played on the winning Aberdeen intermediate team is a coming hockeyist, as is also Chrysler. Wallace will earn his place on first team this year easily.

THE DANCING SCHOOL

MCGILL CLASSES
ARE NOW BEING
FORMED

DO YOU DANCE? IF NOT, SEE

A. ROY MACDONALD, Karn Hall, 2362 St. Catherine St.

'Billy' Gilmour is confident of the season's outcome, and it would seem justly.

♦ ♦ ♦

Basketball

The team will start upon its tour on January fourth for Ogdensburgh, where they will play that evening. From Ogdensburgh, the itinerary leads to Potsdam, where they play the following night. It has not been decided as yet which of several offers from neighboring towns to accept. Fort Covington, Alexandria Bay, and other points would like to have a look at the McGill brand of ball.

Meanwhile, the coaches and players are nightly hammering in new and foxy plays, that by virtue of American origin and Canadian carrying-out, should make the trip one of success. In this, the last copy before its departure, the "Outlook" wishes it the best it can imagine.

The first basket-ball team is receiving many invitations to play during its American tour, including an offer from the St. Regis Indian School. "Indians should have them all beat when it comes to making baskets," chuckled Manager Ross in positively the driest manner possible. ♦

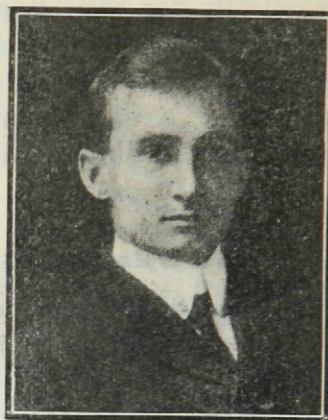
♦ ♦ ♦

Football Finances

A few days ago, W. J. Patterson, Med. '06, the efficient manager of the rugby football teams for the season just closed, gave us the following rough statement of the season's finances. When all accounts and obligations are discharged, a handsome balance of some two hundred dollars passes on to next year's Executive. And this is not all. The Grounds' Committee, which usually contributes \$350.00 to the coffers of the Football Club, handed over this fall only \$250.00—the remaining hundred was presumably withheld on the forecast that

the club would not need it. Furthermore, compared with last year, Mr. Patterson had to provide for the additional expenses this autumn of an extra trip by the second team, and of the annual dinner of the C. I. R. F. U. This last item is one which has had to be reckoned with only every third year since the founding of the Intercollegiate

People we Know



W. J. PATTERSON, B.A.
Manager of the Football Club.

Union; hereafter, if Ottawa College remains loyal to the league, it will be met every fourth year.

These facts speak for themselves. "Billy Pat," as the manager is popularly called, has made an excellent record in this office, and has demonstrated a rare executive ability and despatch. No student serves his fellows and his Alma Mater any more extensively than the manager of the football teams, and when he does so with such signal success, the least we can do, is to express to him our heartiest gratitude. Well done, Billy—your name is enrolled on the list of McGill's most loyal sons—Prosperity be with you!

♦ ♦ ♦

Joe—They say she has money to burn.
Tom—What is the use of that if she can't find a match?—Pharos.

American Football Situation

"Columbia University has abolished the game of football," says a press dispatch from New York city. Hereafter no student of that institution will be allowed to participate in the game as it is now played.

The action was taken at a meeting of the University's committee on student organizations held November 28, when the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, On and after December 31st, 1905, the football association of Columbia University shall be disbanded, before which date all its accounts shall be settled to the satisfaction of the comptroller of student organization.

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee the game of football shall be abolished, and the committee respectfully recommends to the university council that the game be prohibited at Columbia University."

The action of this committee is final, as the students are not permitted to play without the consent of the committee.

In explaining the committee's action, Professor Lord said:

"Only by such radical steps can the university and college life be rid of an obsession, which it is believed has become as burdensome to the great mass of students as it has proved itself harmful to academic standing and dangerous to human life."

While the Columbia faculty was abolishing the game from that institution, the faculty of New York University was drawing up resolutions inviting representatives from every school with which it has played football since the organization of its team in 1885, to hold a joint conference on December 8,

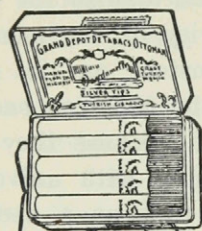
for the purpose of either altering or abolishing the sport. In addition to these resolutions, the faculty pledged itself as "unanimous in recommending that its committee on student organizations be instructed to support the first resolution that the present game of football ought to be abolished."

From Harvard, a day later, comes the news that its board of overseers is strongly opposed to the game as it is being played at present, and that unless the rules of play are radically revised it, too, will follow the action of Columbia in abolishing the game.

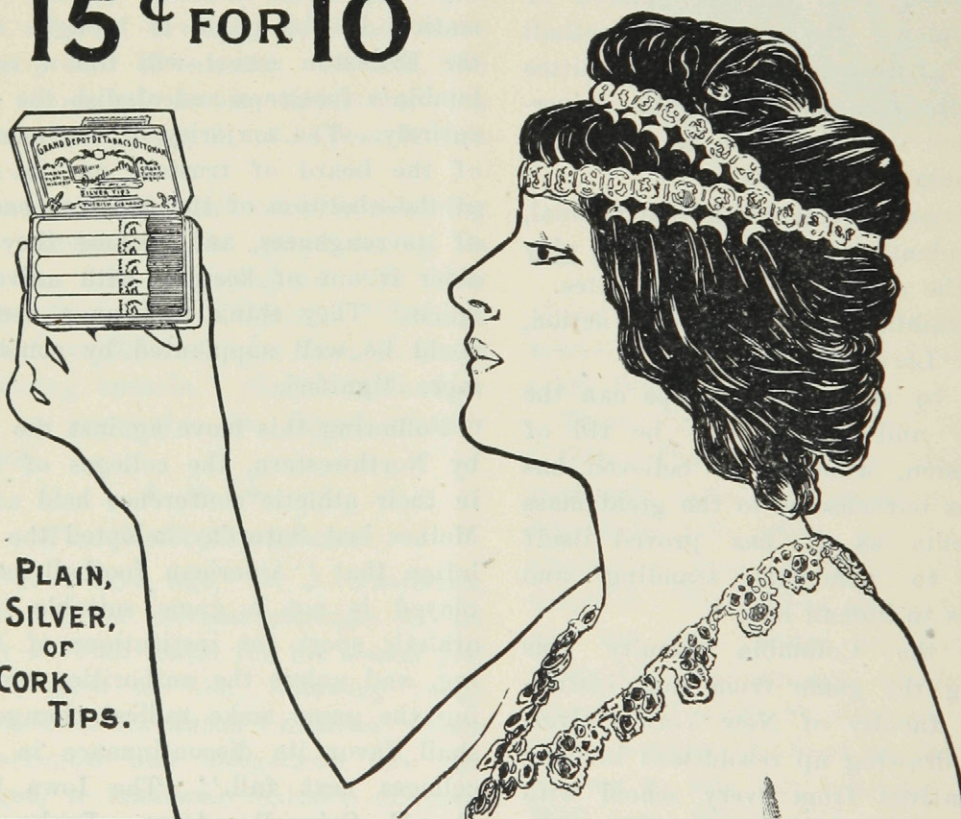
Among western universities, Northwestern seems to be the first to seriously consider disbanding that branch of athletics. Sunday's "Record-Herald" says that unless a decided reformation in the game is brought about the Evanston school will follow in Columbia's footsteps and abolish the game entirely. The majority of the members of the board of trustees are in favor of the abolition of the game on account of its roughness, and because they consider it out of keeping with university spirit. They think that as a sport it could be well supplanted by something more dignified.


Following this move against the game by Northwestern, the colleges of Iowa, in their athletic conference held at Des Moines last Saturday, adopted the resolution that "American football as now played is not a game suitable as an athletic sport for institutions of learning, and unless the authorities controlling the game make radical changes we shall favor its discontinuance in Iowa colleges next fall." The Iowa "Big Four"—Grinnell, Ames, Drake, and Iowa—however, did not vote on the resolution.—*Daily Nebraskan*.

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Alumni



The affairs of the Girls' Club being concluded, the Alumni Society met on Nov. 30th to consider the possibility of attempting some branch of social settlement work for children. Miss Hammond asked Mrs. Redpath to tell the society something of the work and aims of the Parks and Playgrounds Society, whose efforts have of late been such a boon to many of the children of Montreal. Mrs. Redpath told how the society had begun in a club of 18 ladies, who in 1895-6 interested themselves in the preservation of Mount Royal as a park and formed themselves into a permanent committee to preserve the parks and open spaces of the city and to establish play grounds, of which there was such desperate need. These playgrounds are of two varieties—first, the sand gardens which have been set up in various school-yards, and which are under the supervision of kindergarten teachers. Here, knitting, carpentering and the like may be taught the children, who are bound only by three rules—to play fair, to keep clean, and to speak the truth. The second kind of playground is devoted to play pure and simple. Here, as in Westmount Park, the children may sail boats and amuse themselves as they please. Mrs. Redpath told how various school-yards had been given over to the use of the society after school hours, and how the city had granted the society different tracts of land. In these playgrounds the children are under careful supervision. Kindergarten work is taught, and there is also physical instruction. In the summer of 1905 five such playgrounds were open, and over 30,000

children took advantage of the opportunity thus offered.

Miss Blackader told a number of anecdotes illustrating the great need which exists for such playgrounds, and showing the class of people with which the instructor comes in contact. Mrs. Cox then commented on the low standard noticed among the children of the city, and made some very suggestive remarks concerning the necessity of creating a sense of responsibility in the children, of giving them new interests, and of ministering to their instinctive need of movement. Mrs. Cox urged the importance of libraries in connection with the creation of interests, and apropos of this, Miss Michaels was asked to tell of the work done by the Children's Free Library, now installed at 155 Guy street, and managed by graduates and students of the university.

The business of formulating a plan of work to be undertaken by the Alumni was left to the committee, and the meeting adjourned until a future date, when the question of settlement work will again be debated.

W. R. Fraser, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins), Lecturer in Classics, McGill University, 1901-1905, has opened a class for students preparing to enter the University. Students may join at any time. Private tutoring in Latin and Greek is also offered for Undergraduates in Arts who wish to be coached for examinations.

Address: 60 Drummond Street
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Exchanges



Said a fussiful lad of '07,
When speaking of things up in Heaven,
'No heaven for me,
If there's no R. V. C.,
'07 in Heaven to leaven.

Pennsylvania's soccer team held Toronto University down to a score of 5 to 1 in the game on Franklin Field last Saturday afternoon. Toronto University holds the Canadian intercollegiate championship and in view of this fact the showing made by Pennsylvania is very commendable.—Spectator.

The largest college gymnasium is to be that of Stanford University in California. It will be 298 x 173 feet, and a covered quarter-mile track will surround the building.—Tech.

What a man sews that shall he also rip.
Pharos.

Freshman (to chronic, with an apparently aged pipe)—Why on earth do you smoke a thing like that? Can't you get a decent pipe?

Chronic—Oh! it's all right. I've got a better one at home, but it's not so good.
—"Glasgow University Magazine."

'This,' said the agent, 'is the coziest little flat in Harlem.'

"Yes?" replied the man

"Oh, there's no doubt about that at all!"

"That's so! there isn't any room for doubt, is there?"—Philadelphia "Ledger."

Si—Do you know why they did not play cards in the ark?

Bill—No.

Si—Noah sat on the deck.

—Lantern.

A lady, sending a green servant to answer the door-bell, said: "If anybody asks if I am in, give an evasive answer." The servant soon returned. "Who was it?" asked the mistress. "A gentleman who wanted to see you, ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer." "What did you say?" "I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."—Buffalo Express.

College Notes

At the University of California athletes are to receive credit toward graduation for their work on the gridiron, diamond and track.—Tech.

The president of Butler University ordered the students to desist from practicing the college yell as they leave chapel service, and in retaliation the students placed a cow in his office.—Maroon.

After a nine days' strike, the students at the Pennsylvania State College, resumed class work last Wednesday. The trouble arose over the right of students to take their 'cuts' at any time, and was finally settled by both the faculty and students making concessions.—Tech.

Two prizes of \$500 and \$300 respectively, have been offered at Princeton for the best essays on the subject, "Moral Training in Public Schools."—"Spectator."

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

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Moon's Syllabic Shorthand and Business College, KARN HALL

Husband—Look here! Have you been taking any money out of the baby's money box?

Wife—Yes, dear. I had to pay a bill.

Husband—Well, you had no business to do it. I was counting on that money myself.—Toronto "Globe."

The salle-a-manger was crowded, and the stout Frenchwoman showed symptoms of fainting. Casting an agonized look at the waiter who stood near the window, she exclaimed hysterically, "Garcon, je meurs. Pour l'amour de Dieu, ouvrez la fenetre." The waiter was about to do so, when an English lady, shivering in a somewhat decollete gown, interrupted him. "Sir, if you dare to open that window, I shall expire." The tragic silence which followed was broken by the voice of the Scotsman saying, "Ma man, ye nicht open the windy till the English body expires, and then close it till the French hussy dees."—Edinburgh "Student."

The Yale University Museum has brought to light a valuable collection of Central American antiquities. Strange to say, these relics have been in the museum building for twenty-six years, but they were in boxes, were left unopened, and their value was never realized.—"Tech."

A bequest of \$200,000 for the foundation in New York City of a school for the study of Socialism was made recently.—"Tech."

A man to whom illness was chronic

When told that he needed a tonic,

Said, "Oh, doctor dear,

Won't you please make it beer?"

"No, no," said the Doc., "that's Te-tonic."

—"Pharos."

The National Lumbermen's Association is to endow a Chair in the Yale Forestry School.—"Tech."

Columbia University had an enrollment of 4,983 students, and received gifts amounting to \$1,960,000 during the years 1904-1905.—"Tech."

College Idiot (in the lunch-room)—There's one good thing I can say about these sandwiches.

Kind Friend—What's that?

College Idiot—That they're college bred.—"The Columbia Jester."

'07—Believe me, dearest, I love you alone.

Small brother (from back of screen)—Don't you believe him, sis. He'll never love you alone till he gives me a dime for candy.—"Pharos."

Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small,
Some, it's not recorded
Why they were born at all.

—"Pharos."

"You hold my future happiness," he sighed.

"Why don't you hold it yourself?" the maid archly answered.—"Pharos."





Class Reports



R. V. C. '08

FABLES.

THE OWLS AND THE DONKEYS.

Once upon a time, which is the way all fables have begun since the time of Aesop (peace to his shade), the Donkeys invited the Owls to join them in giving a concert. The Owls nothing loath, consented, and there was much practicing of mournful cadences, and melancholy and prolonged were the hootings that rose to the skies from the lofty tower on the hill. But when the evening came, the Owls, whose goddess was Minerva, found that their only part in the concert was to be door-keepers and light-bearers, whilst the Donkeys, who naturally preferred Wagnerian discords to the twittings and t'woos of the birds of wisdom, had invited their own feminine Donkeys to do all the braying, and would not even listen when a gentle Owl sang, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" So the Owls shut themselves up in their high towers, and, deaf to the sweetest braying of the Donkeys, were content to chant their songs to Minerva and the moon.

Moral—It may be inferred from this that a worm will turn even though swallowed by the owl.

THE BOOK-WORM AND THE EARTH-WORM.

A Book-worm and an Earth-worm once set out together for the Hall of Learning. When they reached the abode of Wisdom, they found that the door was fast locked, and could only be opened by the Key of Knowledge. So the Book-worm, in order to enter, at once began to devour the Classics, and, devoting himself to gloomy reflections on the brevity of life, grubbed along on a steady grind until Xmas approached. But

the foolish Earth-worm, by always putting off till to-morrow what he should have done to-day, ate, drank and was merry. And when his companion, by severe mortification of the flesh, had consumed the last fossilized shred of his tomes, and was ready to enter in, the Earth-worm, not to be outdone, paid a visit to Foster Brown's and sat up all night eating "Kelly's Key," and the next day wriggled gloriously into the Hall of Learning side by side with the Book-worm.

Moral—That much study is a weariness of the flesh.

The following suggestions have been offered for a system of study to be known under the name of "Zoology Made Easy." The system works as follows. Charts of resplendent colors are made of the various blood-systems, etc., and are pinned to the walls of one's study. (Damage to walls through pin holes disregarded.) The ingenious student then strolls lazily about, emitting clouds of smoke, whilst casting an occasional supercilious glance upon the aforesaid charts. Any lady who objects to this method may substitute chocolates for the poisonous fumes of nicotine. This is recommended as a remarkable easy and pleasant method of imbibing knowledge concerning the dog-fish and the frog, and is sure to appeal to all true students of zoology.

Some four students are profoundly interested in evolution. The following question was overheard in the biological laboratory: "Mr.—, have we vomerine teeth?"

E. U. intends publishing her drawings of the frog after Christmas. This is an event to which zoologists are eagerly looking forward, and one which is sure

to create a profound sensation in the scientific world. The great beauty and scientific value of the drawing rests upon the fact that the body and legs are extremely well drawn, and that they have absolutely no connection with each other.



R.V.C. '09

On Saturday, Dec. 2, our basketball team played off the first inter-class match—'07 against '09. Owing to the fact that the time when the matches were being played off clashed with the hour of the Dean's reading, the '09 representation was not so large as it would otherwise have been. "Trenholme's dog" kindly submitted to being made class mascot and really looked quite "sporty" in his McGill sweater and '09 banner; '07 had a strong team playing against us, and therefore, interest ran high. The first half resulted in a score of 5 to 4 in favor of the Juniors. Just before "time up" we had the serious misfortune to lose our captain. A fall on the gym floor resulted in a sprained knee, which put her "out of it" for the rest of the game, and the first match of the season resulted in a score of 8 to 5 in favor of the Juniors.

On Tuesday afternoon we had a treat which we had long been pleasantly anticipating. At that time the Dean gave his lantern demonstration on Celtic art and Norman architecture, in connection with the English course.



Arts '06

The following list for Santa Claus has been received:—

C-rr.—Another Y. M. C. A. reception.

Cr-ck-r.—Another trip to Toronto with extras.

Dr-w.—The Correspondent's Complete Guide for 1906 by R. V. C.

D-b-ck.—The Poetry of Motion, or, How to Run a Meeting.—Anon.

Ed-w-rds.—Anything strong.

H-ndry.—More blessings.

H-ss-r.—The "Outlook" free.

K-rsh.—A padded cell.

L-w-is.—The loan of the "Outlook."

M-re-ce.—More ashes on the R. V. C. steps.

M-ud-e.—The Delicate Diplomatist, by a Former Member of an Arts Dance Committee.

MacL-d.—No more nine o'clock lectures.

M-cT-gg-rt.—"The Complete Debater." Anon.

N-yl-r.—"The Story of My Life," by James J. Jeffries.

N-w-m-n.—New neckties; red ones, please, Santa.

N-ch-ls-n.—Box of cigars, case of Mumm's Extra Dry, and a poker check.

Lym-n.—Better lighting in the library.

P-s.—Tiddle-de-Winks for lecture purposes.

P-rry.—Radical reforms.

P-yn.—A private 'phone for the editor.

P-t-rs-n.—"The Gillette."

Sc-tt.—Copyright on Hymn to Bacchus.

Sh-w.—A dumb waiter put in the historical seminary.

Sm-th, N-v-l.—Special car rates to Westmount.

Sm-th, C-a.—"The Gambler's Complete Guide," by A. R. M.

V-n-b-rg.—One more theatre night.

B-rel-y and the reporter.—One real joke.



Arts '07

Philosophy is not such a deep abstract subject after all. Among other like lucid illustrations, it has been pointed out in class that "it is the dog that wags his tail, not the tail the dog"—but that's a wag's tale any way.

Prof. F-x: "What, gentlemen, only one text-book between five students?"—and this one, we learn, was borrowed. Now, we wonder who the author of this interesting volume may be!

The following is not intended as a funny number. It is merely what Lamb would have called an epigram, written by a "furriner" to his "fuss":

"Has she went?

Are she gone?

Has she left I all alone?

Us can never go to she;

She can only come to we:

It cannot was."

"Emily is busily engaged upon an essay on 'The Family Curse.'"—Professor's Notebook.

This leaf, which somehow got detached, has been passed around the class and many questions have been asked and conjectures made as to the nature of the essay. This is one man's argument:

The author, being of a retiring introspective disposition, it is quite improbable that it has reference to his neighbors' families, or, indeed, any other than his own; the definite article "the" seems to settle this beyond dispute; there is only one "the" family in the eyes of anybody, namely, his own.

But the more mysterious part of the title remains unsolved.

Is this Curse some trouble, some skeleton in the cupboard as yet carefully kept there, invisible to any but the eyes of the family? This can hardly be the case for, if so, what object would the writer have in exposing it?

It is, then, probably to be interpreted as meaning an anathematization bestowed by the neighbors upon the family in connection with something offensive to them. Now, what is it that more easily does this than unpleasant disturbing noises late at night? And now we think we have a clue, for the writer happened to be in the neighborhood of Emily's domicile about 2 a.m. a few nights (mornings) ago, when he was alarmed by a most terrific noise which came and went in long-sustained fortes and pianos. The only possible description of it is that it sounded like a thousand ungreased cartwheels accompanied by nine hundred and ninety-nine tin cans shaken together in a sack. On turning the corner the now sober pedestrian was relieved(!) to find the following explanation: Silhouetted against a third-story window a few yards away, was a lanky figure in what looked like a kimono; in his hand was a fiddle which he was playing for all he was worth, while on the corner of an adjacent roof dimly illumined by the candle-light streaming from the window, were seen seven or eight cats of all shapes and sizes, who were doing what they could in their little way to help out the agonized and agonizing mu-

sician. Space will not permit of further details, but we accept this as the best suggestion so far. It is, on this account, quite possible the neighbors feel themselves justified in remarking: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

We refuse to be held responsible for the following spasms recently forwarded to us:—

"Show me her little brother, do!"
Says Charlie Crutch: no more ado,
Straight bursts upon the Freshman's
view.

The smile that won't come off.

"A rotten trick, you're roasting me;
I'll smash your head," sads Herbie T.,
Yet on his conscious face we see
The smile that won't come off.

Since poor old Boxer's had to shave
He can do nought but mourn and rave;
See on his friends both gay and grave
The smile that won't come off.

But first and last and all the time,
Without a reason or a rhyme,
Behold George W-ls-n's grin sublime,
The smile that won't come off.

★ ★ ★

Arts '08

"Some of the students of the Arts and Science Faculties of McGill had quite a fierce snowball fight to-day."—Montreal "Star," Dec. 7th.

This accounts for the slump in the glass market.

"Now, my dear little Freshies," said Grandma Sophia, "come here and tell me what you want from Santa Claus this year. You know you have always hung up your stockings for him, and it would be too bad to disappoint the old man this Xmas. I had a note from him to-day, asking me what the children wanted this year in the way of presents. He said that, as you had been very bad children this year, and had on many occasions disregarded the laws of etiquette and propriety, you should not expect him to bring any very nice presents. However, he said for you to have the stockings hanging up over the fireplace, and perhaps he would bring the play-

things you wanted. Come, then, my dear little children, and tell me your wishes."

Tommy, speaking for the rest, says:—

"Billy wants a jumping-jack;

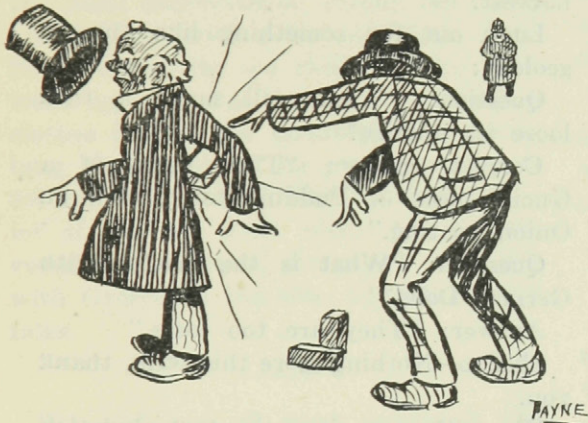
Jackie wants a dolly;

Bobbie wants a story book (syllabus);

He thinks dolls are folly."

"That will do," said Grandma. "I see the kind of presents you want. I'll tell Santa all about it. Run off now to your play, and may you have a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year."

The class of Arts Naughty-eight wishes to extend Grandma's wish to all readers of the "Outlook."



There was an old man got a whack
With a brick in the small of his back.

He cried out "Aha!

"Qui a fait cela?"

As they carried him off in a hack.

★ ★ ★

Arts '09

The class of Arts 1909 extends to Principal Peterson, Dean Moyse, and the Faculty of Arts their respectful and cordial wishes for a Merry Xmas, and very many happy returns of the New Year.

Among the great men of McGill,

Alas, there's only one,

Who, when the freshies make a noise,

Can see in it some fun,

And if you want to know his name,

It's our much-respected Lunn.

We are expecting a treatise from our gifted confrere, N-ch-ls-n, on the temptation of S. Anthony, as applied to his own case, during the Dean's interesting lantern slide lecture.

We hear that Messrs. V-rl-y and P-lt-r have asked to be allowed to assist at the services held in the Coté Street Mission.

Take care, you two; the biter may be bit.

On Monday last Mr. Eve's class-room was infected with a most powerful and pungent odor, which was very thoughtfully brought there for the benefit of the class by McG-bb-n.

What the odor was could not be analyzed. We are informed, however, on the very best authority that it was only a condensed Soph.

On Tuesday last a most regrettable incident occurred. As the passageway leading to Mr. Chodat's room is very dark, our talented colleague, Sandy Mac-M-rtry, mistaking the broad shoulders of Mr. Chodal for those of a fellow student, drove with considerable force his hairy end into the kidneys of our well-liked lecturer, thus propelling him for about twenty feet along the corridor. When Sandy discovered his mistake there was a brief silence, during which, we are told by those near by, Mr. Chodat smelt very carefully Sandy's breath, but on discovering that there was absolutely no trace of "Scottish spirit" in it, he accepted his apologies.

Our scientific brethren in the west end of the building lately paid us another of their highly appreciated visits. It was a typical case of Greek meeting Greek. To be more explicit, one equal body meeting another, or thirty arts men against a hundred and fifty oil squirters. For more than forty minutes a large section of Arts '09 vigorously repelled the continuous charges of their opponents on the Arts building steps.

At first the fighting was of a long range style, but it gradually turned into a hand-to-hand conflict on the said steps. Just at the moment when we saw victory in sight, Principal Peterson, metaphorically speaking, turned his thumbs down and ordered the gladiatorial Artsonians to desist from their victorious course. However, in this fray Arts '09, and Science '09, too, clearly demonstrated that they were on a par with the far-famed Macedonian phalanx of ancient history.

During the engagement an R. V. C. walked between the lines of fire. The Artsmen, with their usual chivalry, held their fire; but a snowy rotundity, from the Science ranks, curled neatly around her neck. This speaks for itself; it was clearly only a case of Miss-Applied Science!

Little speeches by some great men:—

"I have had enough of college feeling," said F-th-rst-nh-gh, as he crawled off four or five prostrate stokers.

"Who says the Anglo Saxon strength is decaying?" muttered MacMah-n, as he spat a half-swallowed snowball out of his mouth.

"Things are coming my way," ejaculated the gallant MacL-nn-n, as, without flinching, he received a sixth snowball on the side of his head.

"There is something on my mind," murmured Fl-t, while he combed a lump of ice out of his locks.

"Oh, Science! Oh, Science!

Beware of the day,
When you meet Highland Dr-m-nd
In battle array."

There is no need to say who gave this war-whoop.

"There is no doubt about my own descent," said F-sh-r, slowly picking himself up from the bottom step.

"Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
How it pleases our hearts
When it hits the foe."

Duet sung by Messrs. T-rnb-ll and O-w.
O-w.

The class takes great pleasure in admitting to its ranks the latest and best addition to McGill, Mr. C-lby, jr. We have no doubt that he will prove as great a success and as great a favorite as his father.

★ ★ ★

Science '07

The examinations are at hand, and of course all the fellows will tell you that they don't know anything, and feel sore if you take them at their word. But nevertheless, there is much burning of midnight oil, and as the landladies don't allow the lights to burn after 12 p.m., we feel sure that Knock-a-felier and the Standard Oil Trust must be reaping a harvest.

Look out for something like this in geology:

Question: "What will make a rock loose its apatite?"

Correct answer: "The sight of a Gneiss piece of Pudding-stone, with an Onion coating."

Question: "What is the matter with German Dolls?"

Answer: "They are too loess."

Skedoo—Nothing more this term, thank you.

We will now close this perambulation of brain wanderings, by wishing one and all a Merry Xmas, etc., etc.



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Science '08

A word to the wise is useless.

Concerning the Arts Building affair. It seems a number of this class were mixed up in that *melée*. Now, things stand about like this. If we can't have our fun without ripping the institution to pieces, we had better quit. A snow-ball fight is all correct, and no sensible person will object to it, but the chap who will perforate a pane of glass or two to keep up the excitement has got a screw loose somewhere, and ought to be laid for good and solid. Those are our opinions.

The attention now turns to Christmas, our greatest annual festival, marked by the usual observations: Filling the young and helpless with a lot of fiction about Santa Claus, the old chimney fakir, who went up the flue long ago, making a clothes line of the mantelpiece and robbing the forest of its young; swapping several things we'd like to keep for a lot of stuff we don't want; the day devoted to the annual division of Turkey—with Greece on the side—by the Hungry folks.

We wish you all great success in the examinations, and a very Merry Christmas.

♦ ♦ ♦

Science '09

Mr. T-un-r cannot be called a "Sleeping Beauty." The latter slept continuously while T-un-r occasionally wakes up. We do not wish to cast any reflections on his personal puchristude.

That the spirit of destruction entered into the "grand battle" is a sad state of affairs. It is the opinion of the Science Freshmen that if any member of their class was concerned in the breaking of the windows he should have had his face promptly washed with snow and sundry other punishments.

The following ditty was the lament of a student in a descriptive geometry lec-

ture on the recent disgrace that a hearty luncheon has fallen into:

Sayers of sooth and prophets old,
Readers of riddles wise,
Shall we believe what we are told,
Or must we but surmise?

If we are told in language neat,
That we've been taking too much to eat,
Reader of riddles, answer low,
How are we to know?

Menzies was the fellow

Who tried to hold the door,
But promptly to the tap he went;—
He'll hold the door no more.

The author of the "watch glass" story does not care whether it was a common and garden timepiece or a ton of coal that was taken. It is the spirit of the thing, and not the thing itself.

Spieler, from Latin spelunca, a cave or cavern, hence a large mouth. One who is intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.

♦ ♦ ♦

Medicine '06

It is certainly a great calamity to be an "only child," which is a potent predisposing cause in intestinal obstruction—from dates; but it is some compensation to have a "little brother" to run for the doctor.

Those wishing a Hebrew interpreter apply to R. M. Sh-w.

W. L. M. reading case report: "Patient was operated on 3 times before, the first two giving little relief, and symptoms soon reappearing. The third time he was operated on at the M. G. H. by Dr. A-st-g, and had a long period of relief." Is it any wonder that Dr. A. said Billy had in him the makings of a great diplomatist?

Who eats the lining membrane away?
Ask Doug. Ly-n.

It is lately announced that Dr. H. C. B. A-l-n has much improved on the old Gynaecological curette. With the new curette the technique in the operator's wash-up is lengthened.

J-gg-ns, trying to extract a drop of blood from the pinna of a patient.

Dr. Martin—"What are you doing there, playing ping-pong on the man's ear?"

♦ ♦ ♦

Medicine '09

The Arts and Science men probably think that they have all the snow-fighting to themselves, but in doing so they have made a big mistake in leaving Med. '09 out of their calculations. The scene of action was in the lecture theatre of the Redpath Museum, last Friday afternoon. Like all great engagements, it started as a slight skirmish. From the upper seats the snow came "dropping as the gentle dew from heaven" on the heads of those below, only in this case the dew was frozen and was precipitated

in chunks. The front seats were quickly emptied by the withering fire, and in a few minutes "George" was the only man left to defend the fort. Like a true soldier he stuck to his post till the last, manfully endeavoring to return the fire of the enemy. In all probability he would have eventually put them to flight, as the idea of retreat never seemed to occur to him, but the sudden appearance of Dr. P— on the scene robbed him of the glory which might otherwise have been his.

The Second Year had their picture taken one day last week. Of course we all flocked to the windows to watch the camera break. It must have been made of extra strong material for, wonderful to relate, it withstood the strain admirably. The extreme Sophthness of the group probably had something to do with it.

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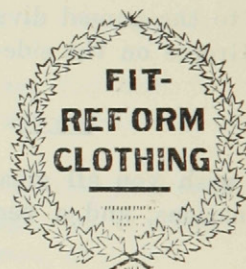


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At a meeting of the class on Thursday afternoon, Messrs. Craig and Benoit, from Ontario, and Messrs. McEwen and Funk, from British Columbia, were chosen class representatives re the Rod-dick Bill.

♦ ♦ ♦

Official Law Report

Owing to the growing desire among students of this Faculty to have the main events of legal history reduced to a convenient form for memorizing, your humble scribe hereby makes a tentative effort at meeting this demand, and if this present effort proves successful, hopes to submit further instalments in the future. The pathetic incident which is versified below forms one of the most important landmarks in the history of Jurisprudence in this Province. Briefly, the facts are as follows:—Sir William Phipp captured Quebec in 1629, holding it for three years. For this exploit, James the Last of England promised him the sum of \$4,399,999 on his return home. Phipp landed in England on the 13th of January, 1633, and immediately hunted up his friend James. The latter, however, having no cash to spare, was unable to fulfil his promise, but effected a compromise by giving him the Island of Newfoundland instead; which was worth about fifteen cents in the real estate market at that time.

When Phipps came to claim his new seigniority he found Lord Baltimore in possession, who had received it as a gift from the King the year before.

They went to law about it, and the case reached the Privy Council, where the following important legal rules were laid down:—

(1) There can be but one owner to the same thing at the same time, unless as otherwise provided by law.

(2) While the King has given the same

thing to two different persons the one that got it first keeps it.

(3) If a piece of property is claimed by two persons and the one has it, then the other has it only when the other hasn't it.

The lines which follow are written in iambic-dactylic pentameter rhymed couplets, in the octava rima heroic measure, this being found the most suitable for the subject.

“There was an old sailor called Phipp
Who came to Quebec in a ship,
To pay it a friendly visit.

Now the curé, who didn't like it,
His brigade ordered out to hit Phipp
With eggs which to eat were not fit.

This so enraged Mr. Phipp
That he handled the town without mit,
And after his pipe he had lit,
Bombarded the place and took it.

Now the King of England thought fit
A fortune to give unto Phipp,
If only the town he would quit
Just as quick as out he could skit.

So out of the town went Sir Phipp,
Expecting a fortune to git
From Jimmie, the King of Great Brit.

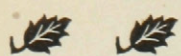
But as soon as in England he lit,
The Parliament would not permit
The King to give money to Phipp.

Now the loss of the 'dough' to requit,
Newfoundland was given to Phipp,
To be the Grand Seignior of it.

Alas! of this land not a bit,
Received the gallant Sir Phipp,
For Baltimore, owner of it,
To be kicked out would never submit.

And this is the story of Phipp,
The importance of which you'll admit,—
And if for exam. you'd be fit,
You'd better sit down and learn it.

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Professor (illustrating a phenomenon
 in physics with a cent), "What would
 happen if the cent fell?"

Freshie: "A case of de cent."

—*University of Ottawa Review.*

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Little drops of water

In the morning's milk,

Make the milkman's daughter

Come out in finest silk.

—*Pharos.*

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Inspector, examining a class on the
 circulation of the blood—"When I
 stand on my head, what happens to the
 blood?"

Small Boy—"Please, sir, it all goes
 to your head."

Inspector—"Very good. Now, can
 anyone tell me this? When I stand on
 my feet, why doesn't the blood rush
 to them?"

Small Boy—"Please, sir, your feet
 are not empty."

—*Glasgow University Magazine.*

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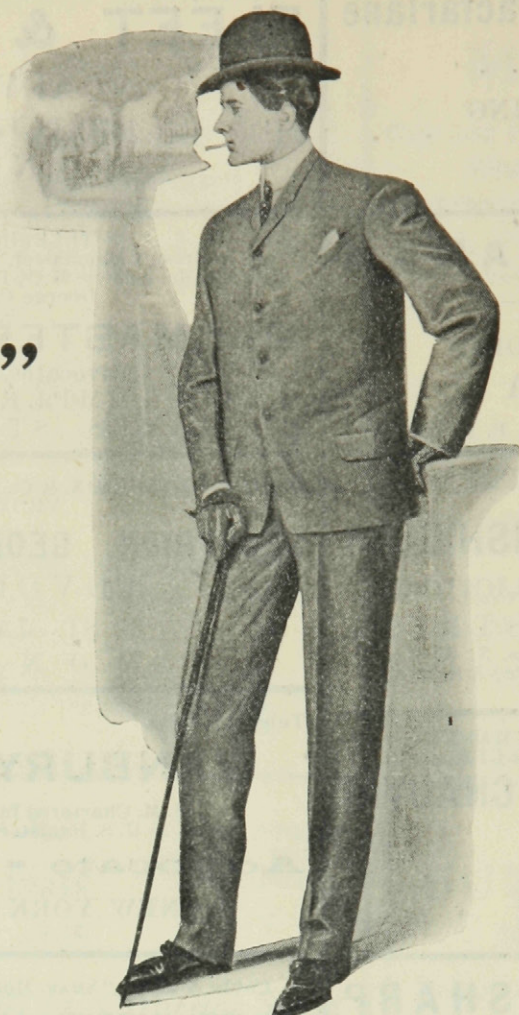
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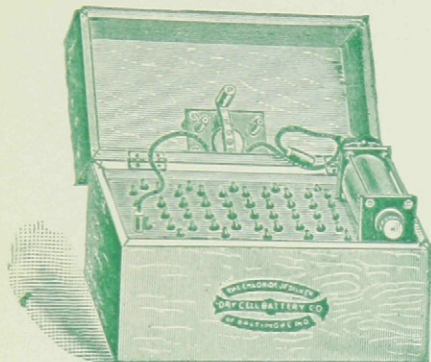
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